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ABSTRACT

This issue of "The Goldfinch" examines the history of American Indians in Iowa. This volume's featured articles include: "Encounter"; "Iowa Earthworks"; "The Long Way Home"; "How One Learns, a Mesquakie Woman's Life Story"; "Indians of Iowa"; "Little Brother Snares the Sun"; "Being Indian in an Urban World"; and "Indian Wars Myth." (DB)

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The Goldfinch

Iowa History
for Young People
Volume 13, Number 3
February 1992

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Indians of Iowa

Free Indian Poster Inside!

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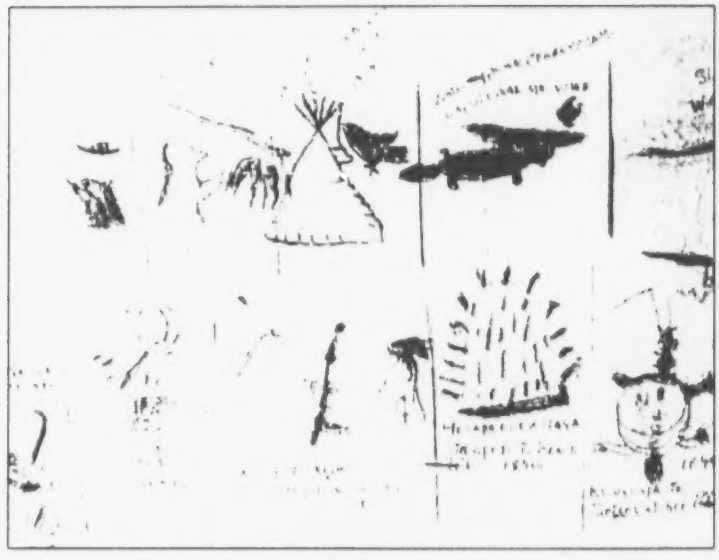
History Mystery

by Elise Schebler Dawson



Steven Ohrn

What do these drawings mean?

The drawings on this cloth are a calendar of the years 1812-1879. The calendar was painted by a member of the Sioux Indian tribe. Each picture shows an important event that happened that year. Next to each drawing is a description of the picture written in both Sioux and English. Sometimes these drawings are also called **pictographs** or **winter counts**. Older calendars were painted on tanned animal hides. Others like this one were painted on cloth or paper. Making calendars helped people keep a record of their lives and remember their past. Read more about Indians of Iowa in this issue of *The Goldfinch*.

The **Goldfinch**

February 1992
Volume 13, Number 3

EDPRESS

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Editor: Deborah Gore Ohrn. **Publisher:** Christie Dailey. **Consulting Editors:** Steve Thunder-McGuire, assistant professor of art, University of Iowa; Judy Red Hawk Morrison, University of Iowa; Steven Ohrn, folklorist, State Historical Society of Iowa. **Children's Advisory Board:** Jessica Bergman, Prairie Home School, Iowa City; Nicholas Gensen, Northwood Elementary, Ames; Amber Massa, Roosevelt Elementary School, Iowa City.

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IN THIS ISSUE

On the Cover: Tatum Lasley, a Mesquakie and former student at the Sac and Fox Settlement School, shows the life shield she made. Her Mesquakie name is illustrated on the shield. Photo by Sherry Pardee. "Indian" was the name Columbus mistakenly gave to the native peoples of the Americas. He thought he was in India. Throughout history the name stuck. The use of the word "Indian" rather than "Native American" is preferred by the Indian people who contributed to this issue. The *best* way of referring to an Indian is to use the tribal name such as Mesquakie or Winnebago.

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7/Mound Maze

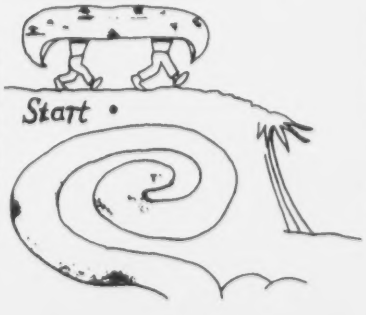

Illustration by Mary Moye-Rowley

Millie Frese

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Encounter

In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue. He landed in the Americas where he mistakenly called the native peoples "Indians." They were really people of many different nations with different names, languages, and cultures. This issue of *The Goldfinch* covers the struggles and victories of Iowa's Indians.

State Historical Society of Iowa

IN 1992, many historians mark the 500th anniversary of Columbus' arrival in the Americas. Special television shows, movies, and books look at the importance of European contact with the native peoples who had been living here for thousands of years.

The first peoples who lived in Iowa were nomadic hunters who lived here 12,000 years ago. They hunted big game. They learned to gather food from the forest and then to plant simple gardens.

At the time of the first contact with Europeans in the 1600s, Indians were gardening like many of the tribes who lived in the eastern woodlands (areas such as present-day Michigan, Wisconsin). They were also hunting buffalo and other large game. In the 1700s, the major tribes included the Ioway, Oto, Sauk (Sac), Mesquakie, Potawatomi, Winnebago, and the Sioux.

As land-hungry European farmers pushed westward in the early 19th century, the United States government leaders looked for a way to keep peace and obtain land. Indian tribes had lived on the vast open prairies. The government decided on a plan that they hoped would keep peace. Boundaries would be made to keep settlers separated from the Indian tribes. In the 1820s, the United States decided to move all of the tribes then living east of the Mississippi River to the Louisiana Territory. (Iowa was a part of this.) There, it was reasoned, the tribes could live happily, separate from the settlers.

Before the tribes moved west,

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the government had to purchase the land from different tribes who lived on it. Tribal leaders and offical government representatives signed written agreements called **treaties**. The treaties described the land that the government purchased and the amount of money and goods that it promised to pay.

Unfortunately, Iowa Indian tribes were repeatedly forced into signing more and more treaties. They were constantly uprooted from their homes and moved to different parts of the state (see map on page 16), and then finally to reservations outside of Iowa. Contact with Europeans brought continual hardship, diseases (from which the Indians had no immunity), and poor living conditions.

Indian kids today

This special issue of *The Goldfinch* introduces you to the history of Indians in what is now Iowa from **prehistory** (days before written records) through the present. We have excerpted the remarkable story of the Mesquakie people from *We Are Mesquakie, We Are One*. The Mesquakie are the only American Indian tribe to buy back and live on their original land. We've also visited Indian kids in Sioux City to ask them what life is like today for Indian kids.

SHSI, Ward Collection—Iowa City

Ko-ta-to, a young Mesquakie in ceremonial dress

A special fold-out poster highlights some of the ways of life of six major Indian tribes who lived in Iowa. The map shows you where these nations once lived. In addition to our usual bag of tricks, we have a fun Indian logic game to test your memory about the Indian tribes of Iowa.

You will also see how the "movie Indians" are not at all like the Indians in Iowa history or the ones who go to school today.

"I feel proud because it feels good to know that I'm Indian," said Tonya Azure, a Turtle Mountain Chippewa and Davenport sixth grader.

How did contact with Europeans affect the ways that the many Indian tribes of Iowa live? How does this contact affect life today? These are just a few of the questions this issue of *The Goldfinch* hopes to answer.

Iowa Earthworks

Iowa's ancient peoples have found reasons to build up mounds of earth. What do they tell us about how early Indians lived?

by Mary Flanagan

THERE ARE MANY **earthworks** (another name for mounds of earth) that remain from the people who lived in North America long ago. Ancient earthworks are important pieces to the puzzle of the past. They help us understand how people lived.

Some of Iowa's earliest inhabitants built mounds to bury the dead, while others simply built them to grow food. Most mound building took place before 1700 and can be traced back thousands of years. Modern tribes such as the Winnebago, Sauk, Mesquakie, or Sioux probably never knew the ancient mound builders.

The oldest group of mound builders were the Hopewell Indians who lived in what is now Illinois and Ohio. Just how or where the Hopewell people originated is not known. These people lived over 2,000 years ago! Some **archaeologists** (people who study ancient times and people by examining what is left of their buildings, tools, pottery, and other things) think that the Hopewell builders made mounds for religious reasons. A variety of earthworks were built. Some mounds were used for human burials.

Burial mounds—up to 10 feet high and 50 wide—were often built on high bluffs overlooking river valleys. Sometimes Hopewell Indians buried more than one body in a mound. They placed items such as pipes, stone knives, and other possessions in the grave. You can see examples of Hopewell burial mounds in Iowa near Toolesboro in Louisa County.

Birds, Bears, and Turtles

Another type of mound found in Iowa was built during the years 650 A.D. to 1200 A.D. The people who built these types of mounds probably were related to the Hopewell Indians. These **effigy mounds** (EFF-ih-gee) were built into shapes and oblong patterns. An effigy is a representation of something like an animal. Effigy mounds in Iowa are shaped like huge birds, bears, turtles, bison, lizards, or geometric shapes. Archaeologists think that all kinds of social events took place at the mound sites, including marriages, funerals, worship, and trade. Skeletons, pieces of pottery, and other artifacts have been discovered inside the mounds. Originally, there were more than 370 effigy mounds in Iowa. Now, only 46 are identified. Settlers plowed up most of the mounds when they started farming in Iowa. The mounds are sometimes difficult to see unless the site is cleared or mowed. The animal shapes are easiest to see from an airplane. Although most of them are only a few feet high, some are up to 600 feet across. That's the size of two football fields! You can see some of Iowa's animal-shaped mounds at the Effigy Mounds National Monument in northeast Iowa near the Mississippi River.

Beds for Gardens

The final type of mounds found in the Midwest and in Iowa were ridged fields in garden beds. The raised beds that are still around today were not created by ancient Indians like the Hopewell. Rather, they were built within the last 300 years. Years ago, tribes like the Mesquakie used garden beds. They stopped making the beds, though, as European-Americans moved into the region.

See if you can make it through the mound maze on the next page! You don't want to end up on a mound or garden ridge. Remember, if you ever visit an Indian mound site, you don't want to play or walk on it. Mounds are sacred places like cemeteries.

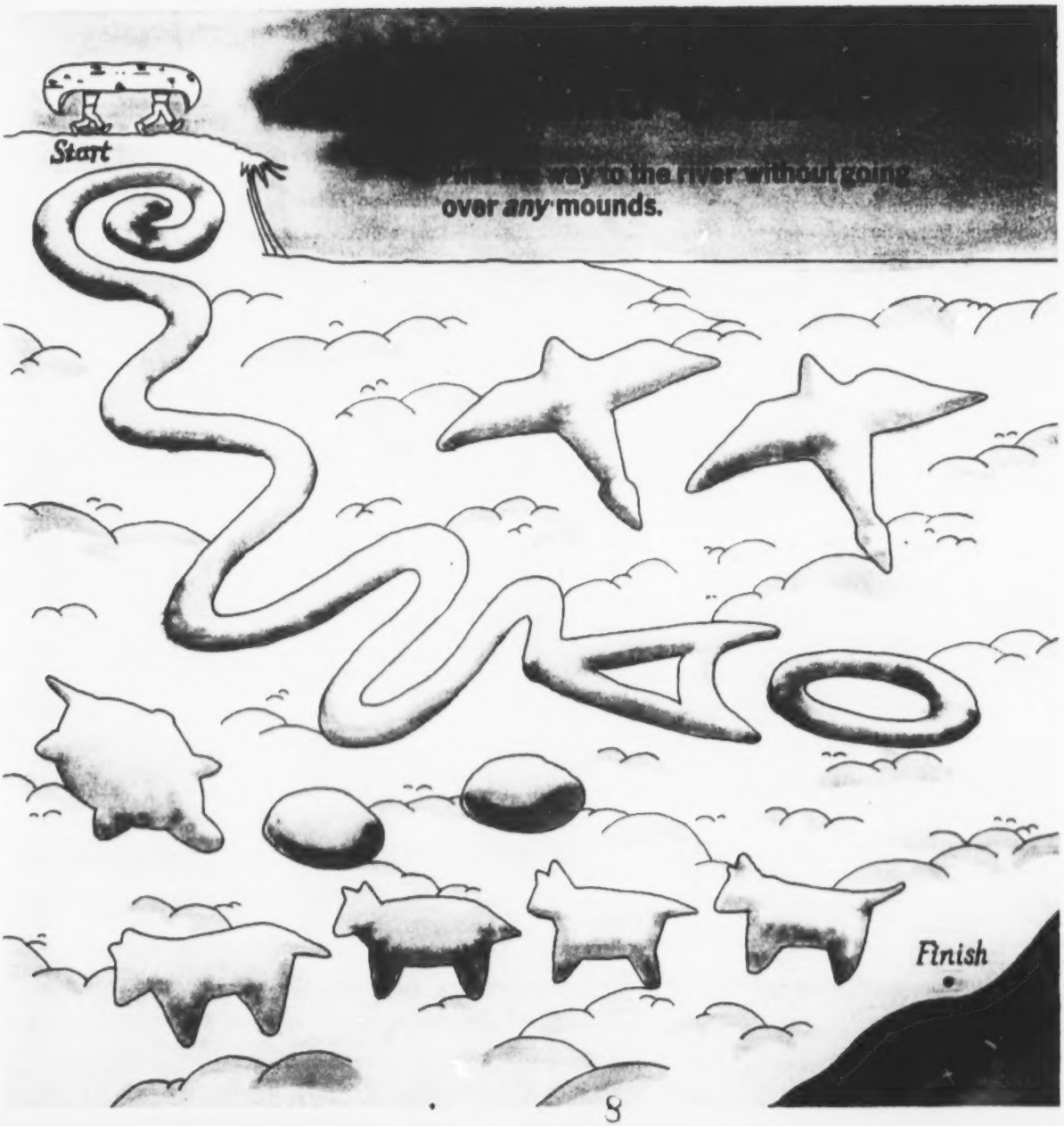


Illustration by Mary Moyt-Rowley

The Long Way Home

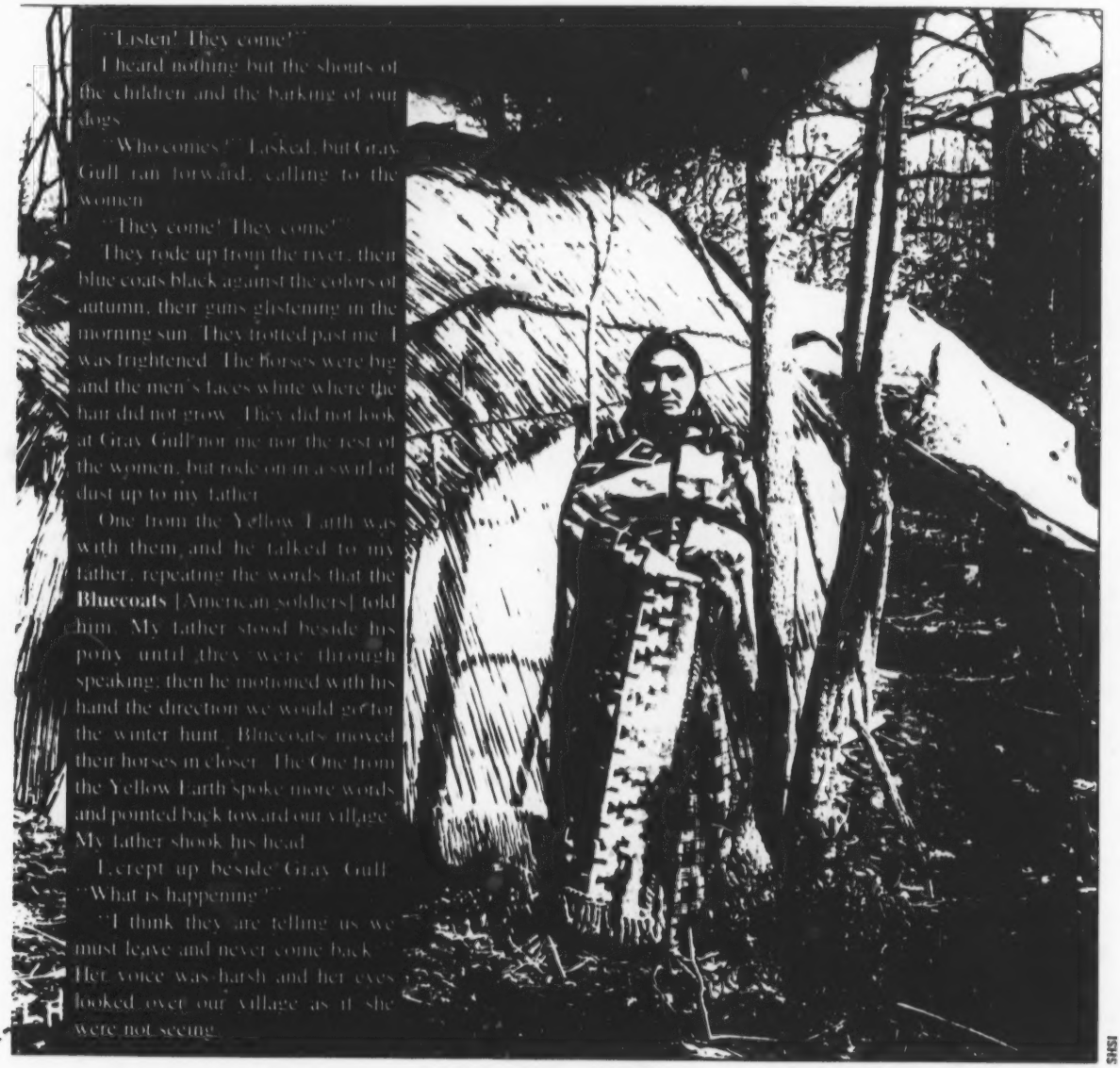
Mesquakie tradition tells us that the tribe's original homeland was located on the eastern coast of North America. Over time, they moved to the Midwest and settled in Wisconsin. Around the year 1665, the Mesquakie tribe (also referred to as "Fox" Indians) met European explorers. Then, because of conflicts with the French and their Indian allies, the Mesquakie were forced to travel by foot, horse, and canoe to eastern Iowa.

From 1830 to 1851, Iowa land was bought up by white settlers, and ***Sauk*** *(yellow earth people) and* ***Mesquakie*** *(red earth people) were ordered to move to a reservation in Kansas. The U.S. government made* ***treaties*** *(agreements) with the Mesquakie tribe during the 1840s. Many times, however, the government lied to the tribes about the contents of the agreements or forced the tribe to sign treaties.*

The Mesquakie were supposed to leave Iowa by the year 1845. To enforce the treaties, the government sent soldiers to Iowa to drive the Indians out.

The book We Are Mesquakie, We Are One, *by "Hadley Irwin" (a* ***pen name,*** *or made-up name, for Iowan authors Lee Hadley and Annabelle Irwin) tells the story of Hidden Doe, a Mesquakie girl. The book is fiction but is based on the true story of a Mesquakie Indian woman. The part of the story you are about to read took place in 1843.*

Art by Sarah Macht



"Listen! They come!"

I heard nothing but the shouts of the children and the barking of our dogs.

"Who comes?" I asked, but Gray Gull ran forward, calling to the women.

"They come! They come!"

They rode up from the river, their blue coats black against the colors of autumn, their guns glistening in the morning sun. They trotted past me. I was frightened. The horses were big and the men's faces white where the hair did not grow. They did not look at Gray Gull nor me nor the rest of the women, but rode on in a swirl of dust up to my father.

One from the Yellow Earth was with them, and he talked to my father, repeating the words that the **Bluecoats** [American soldiers] told him. My father stood beside his pony until they were through speaking; then he motioned with his hand the direction we would go for the winter hunt. Bluecoats moved their horses in closer. The One from the Yellow Earth spoke more words and pointed back toward our village. My father shook his head.

I crept up beside Gray Gull. "What is happening?"

"I think they are telling us we must leave and never come back." Her voice was harsh and her eyes looked over our village as if she were not seeing.

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"What will we do?"

"We will wait until your father speaks. It shall be as the council decides. As always we will go on the winter hunt and return here for the planting. . . ."

The circle of Bluecoats opened, and my father mounted his pony and rode toward us. He said to Gray Gull, "We leave in peace for the winter hunt. We cannot return to this village. . . ."

We were far out on the open prairie when Gray Gull turned to look back toward our village.

"They burn . . . our . . . lodges."

Threads of gray smoke rose and mingled in a dark cloud that veiled the sky above our river. . . .

We camped that night among the willows along Stony Creek. We did not go to our village. One of the braves said, "Everything is gone. Even the earth is scorched."

That night the council was long. Many spoke. I sat in the circle of women and listened until I fell asleep. . . .

"We can go on our winter hunt. We cannot return to this village. It is written in the treaty . . . . All lead their people toward the west. Black Hawk, the great leader, is in chains." So spoke my father.

"Treaties are but milkweed blown on the wind." So spoke Gray Gull. "Our Grandmother Earth knows no treaties. The land does not belong to us. We belong to the land. One cannot trade what one does not own. We stay on our river. Should we leave for the winter hunt we are saying we no longer care."

It was decided. We would not leave our Iowa. We would scatter along the river like quail when they hide their nests in deep grasses. In the spring we would gather to plant our fields again. . . .

"We will starve," I said.

"We will live. Nuts lie beneath the melting snow. Fish swim under the ice. Geese and ducks will soon return. When hunger gnaws, we chew the bark of slippery elm."

I was hungry. All were hungry. We did not starve. . . .

The Mesquakie people stayed in Iowa that winter instead of going to their winter hunting grounds. But as time went on, the U.S. government put even more pressure on the tribe to move out.

With the coming of spring my brothers were sent to call our people back for council. . . .

The council fires burned long through many suns and sleeps. We lived like lost and homeless people. My father, Great Bear, spoke long at the council of the land promised us. Of flowing rivers and wooded hills and rich earth ready for the planting in the Kansas Land far to the south, of Bluecoats waiting to feed us and give us seed for the planting in the new land, of deer and antelope and buffalo which we had not seen by our River Iowa for many seasons, of land where neither Sioux nor White would threaten.

And so it was decided. . . .

Then Roaring Thunder, my uncle, spoke—my uncle who had not spoken at the council before. "You must go to the Kansas land. You must go to live. Some of us must stay here so our old ways can live. Our Red Earth People who would follow Bluecoats will forget Mesquakie ways and become as White Ones. Those of us who stay will hide along the Iowa as the wounded bear in its den. We will find a way. We will watch and wait for your return. . . .

My father, Great Bear, said, "So it shall be. . . ."

With guns and soldiers waiting, the Mesquakies knew they had to leave the Iowa land.

"[Spring] has come. Bluecoats take us now to Kansas Land," my father said.

Across [the Des Moines River], brighter than the moon, shone the torches of the White Ones, as many as the stars.

"Why do the White Ones' fires dance so wildly?" I asked my mother.

At first she did not answer. Then

she spoke. "They wait to take our land. With the firing of the big gun, the land is theirs. The treaty says."

It was so.

The cannon sounded. It echoed through the valley like thunder after lightning's arrows. The torches of the White Ones rushed toward us like prairie fire. The river did not stop them.

My father rose and said, "We go."

We left Iowa and followed the Bluecoats as the white settlers staked their claims upon our land. . . .

The Mesquakies moved to the reservation located in Kansas. A reservation is a parcel of land that is set aside for Native Americans to live. In exchange for their land in Iowa, the Mesquakies were paid some money.

The Kansas Land was not the land of promise.

"Great Bear. This will be your field." **White Agent** [a government representative who works with the tribe] led us far from our lodges, across the flat prairie, to a patch marked off by split log fences. The hot sand burned my feet as I followed my father and mother and aunt.

"I am a hunter." My father frowned. "I am a warrior. A chief. It is the women who plant and harvest."

"You must change your ways, Great Bear," said White Agent. "You are on the reservation. You have no need for warriors. No reason to hunt. You can buy the food with the money we will give you."

"You do not *give* us money. You *pay* us because you have taken the land."

White Agent shook his head and scuffed his leather boot in the sand.

"Now, Great Bear. You'll have to do things differently here than you did back on the Iowa."

My father turned and walked back to the village. . . .

In the spring it was time for the payments of the money. My father went again to White Agent. He returned, his face angry.

"White Ones change their words. They make a wooden building and call it school. The say our children must go there to learn the White Ones' ways. Until we do this, they will not pay what they promised."

"We will have need of White Ones' money. There was no harvest of the corn," my mother spoke.

"They have the land. We will not give our children. . . ."

My father went again to the White Agent to take the payment.

Again, he returned, his face angry.

"White Ones change their words again. Our children will not go to White Ones' school. Then our children must go to White Ones' church. Until we do this, they will not pay what they promised. . . ."

For the third time, my father went to White Agent to take the payment.

Again he returned, his face angry.

"White Ones change their words another time. Our children will not go to White Ones' school. Our people will not go to White One's church. Now they say we must appear before White Agent and name ourselves to him for winter court. This is not good! Until we do this, they will not pay what they promised.

"But father," I spoke. "We are one. We are Mesquakie."

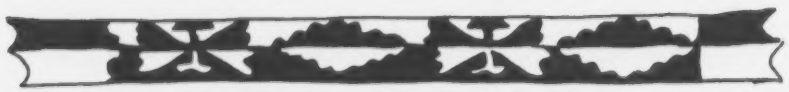
"White Ones do not understand. They name us wrong. They name us Fox. They name us Indian. We are Mesquakie. They cannot learn." He rose and left our lodge, muttering, "Un-civ-il-ized."

My father did not go the fourth time to White Agent to receive our payment. White Agent came to us. He was a new White Agent. We did not see the other one again.

The Kansas Land was not the promised land.

While on the Kansas reservation, many Mesquakies became sick and died from small pox and other diseases.

"'Long have we watched the White Ones,'" Bright Eagle



continued with Gray Gull's words. "'Long have we sought a way. When we hunt the possum, we learn of its ways. Only then can we snare it. We eat of the possum. We do not become the possum. White Ones buy our Iowa Land. It cannot be taken from them. No Bluecoats drive them from it. Red Earth People can buy Iowa Land. It cannot be taken from us. No Bluecoats can drive us from it. This is the way. That is all.' And so Gray Gull instructed me to speak."

Bright Eagle finished his words. No one spoke.

Hunters could learn of possum ways. They did not become possums. I had learned of White . . . ways. I was still Mesquakie. My grandmother's words were good.

Great Bear spoke. "[The White Ones] have taken from us. Now we will use their money to buy from them. . . ."

"But," spoke the first, "we will need much of White Ones' money."

"Our seed is planted in the field," my father said. "Bring to me the money you have left. Meanwhile, taste not White Ones' whiskey, wager not on racing of ponies, chew well on scanty food."

One who had not spoken before said, "We could sell to White Ones: moccasins, beadwork, squashes, pumpkins, even our ponies, if we must. And bring the White One's money to Great Bear."

"And soon," said another, "the time comes for payment from White Agent. . . ."

"If we stay here, take their money, and buy their food, we are but maggots on the dead growing fat and pale. We must go. We will grow thin and poor, but we will live. We Are Mesquakie." So said Great Bear, my father.

"Here is the money," my father said, bringing out the deerskin bag.

"How much?" asked Bright Eagle.

"Seven hundred, thirty, and five of White Ones' dollars."

"Is it enough?" my uncle asked.

"We do not know," my father answered. "Buy from the White Ones as much as they will sell."

"It will buy but little, yet it will be seed for the new planting," Bright Eagle said, and the others nodded.

"You, Bright Eagle and Little Bear, my brother, must travel long and far down the Iowa River to the home of the **White Father of the Iowa Land** [Governor James Grimes]. They name it 'Iowa City.'" My father paused. "There you will say, 'White Ones buy land. Mesquakie buy land.' Empty the bag before him. Let him count the money. . . ."

In 1856, the Mesquakies used $735.00 which they had saved from government payments and selling goods to purchase 80 acres of land along the Iowa River near Tama. They were the only Native American tribe that bought back a significant part of their homeland to live on.

At that time in autumn we left the Kansas land and the White Ones' reservation. We went silently, in small groups, so no one would see. We would be gone for the winter count, and we did not want the Bluecoats to search for us.

We met, **eleven lodges** [about 11 large families—76 people in all] of us at the headwaters of the Osage and turned our backs upon the reservation. We travelled only at night until we crossed the Missouri. The way was long, but our steps were swift. The bearskin for the winter lodge in Iowa was light upon my back. . . . I did not speak for many steps, and then I asked Bright Eagle, "How long before we reach our land?"

He pointed. "There where the fences end. Where the mist from the river rests upon the trees. It is a short way now. . . ."

Far down the road, a dark shape moved toward us. As it neared, we saw the horse was old, as was the White One in the buggy.

When we were almost to him, he

called out, "So you made it. Heard you were coming."

The White One walked over to Bright Eagle and held out his hand. Behind us, our people waited.

"Wanted to welcome you and your people back to Iowa. Been keeping an eye out for you folks ever since I found out we'd be neighbors. You look a sight thinner than when you was here before. . . ."

"Name's Anson Cook," the man said, taking my hand and moving it up and down. His hand was rough like tree bark, but warm. . . .

"Our way was long." Bright Eagle spoke to this man as he would with my father. "But you helped make the path."

"Weren't nothing. Just wrote a letter to the governor down there at Iowa City. Got up a petition. Neighbors signed it. Said we'd all be glad to have Mesquakie back here."

Bright Eagle nodded. . . .

"Never have felt quite right about the government chasing you out of here a few years back. There's some around here, of course, claim the government's givin' ya handouts. Tain't so. You've a right to them payments. It was your land. You didn't get a fair price for it either."

Bright Eagle said, "We will speak again." All shook hands and we walked on.

"This is our land," Bright Eagle stretched his hand toward the River Iowa.

We stopped and looked across the marshy lowlands, to the quiet river, and upon the wooded hills. There were no fences here. The land was as it had been. We were home.

Illustration by Sarah MacAt

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SHSI, Ward Collection—Iowa City

"How One Learns"

A Mesquakie Woman's Life Story

Adapted by Jean C. Florman

In 1918, a Mesquakie woman told her life story to a historian. The woman did not want her name published, so her autobiography is anonymous.

*Here is part of her story. Some of the language seems unusual because it is an English translation of the Mesquakie woman's own words.**

Well, I played with dolls when I made them. Of course, I would do the cooking in my play. And then I made little **wickiups** [Mesquakie houses] for the dolls to live in. . . .

When I was perhaps seven years old I began to practice sewing for my dolls. But I sewed poorly. I used to cry because I did not know how to sew. Nor could I persuade my mother to [do it] when I said to her, "Make it for me."

"You will know how to sew later on; that is why I shall not make them for you. That is how one learns to sew, by practicing sewing for one's dolls," [said my mother].

Well, when I was nine years old I was able to help my mother. It was in spring when planting was begun that I was told, "Plant something to be your own." My hoe was a little hoe. And soon the hoeing would cease. I was glad.

When the girl asked her mother if she could

*[Brackets like these] go around words we've added to the woman's story to make it easier to understand.

go swimming, her mother said, "Yes, but you must do the washing in the river."

"That is why I treat you like that, so that you will learn how to wash," my mother told me. "No one continues to be taken care of forever. The time soon comes when we lose sight of the one who takes care of us."

Soon I was told, "This is your little ax." My mother and I would go out to cut wood; and I carried the little wood that I had cut on my back. She would strap them for me. She instructed me how to tie them up. Soon I began to go a little ways off by myself to cut wood.

And when I was 11 years old I continually watched her as she would make bags. "Well, you try to make one," she said to me. She braided up one little bag for me. Sure enough, I nearly learned how to make it, but I made it very badly.

[My mother said,] "If you happen to know how to make everything when you no longer see me, you will not have a hard time in any way."

And again, when I was 12 years old, I was told, "Come, try to make these." [They were] my own moccasins. She only cut them out for me. And when I made a mistake she ripped it out for me. Finally I really knew how to make them.

At that time I knew how to cook well. When my mother went any place, she said to me, "You may cook the meal." Moreover, when she made mats I cooked the meals. "You may get accustomed to cooking, for it is almost time for you to live outside. You will cook for yourself when you live outside," I would be told.

When the young girl was 13, her mother and an older woman she called "grandmother" began teaching her how to behave as a young woman.

"Now the men will think you are mature as you have become a young woman, and they will be desirous of courting you," [my grandmother told me]. "If you live quietly [your brothers and your mother's brothers] will be proud. . . You are to treat any aged person well. . . . Do not talk about anyone. Do not lie. Do not steal. Do not be stingy. . . If you are generous you will [always] get something."

The woman who told her life story married at age 19. Two of her children died in infancy, and she outlived two husbands.

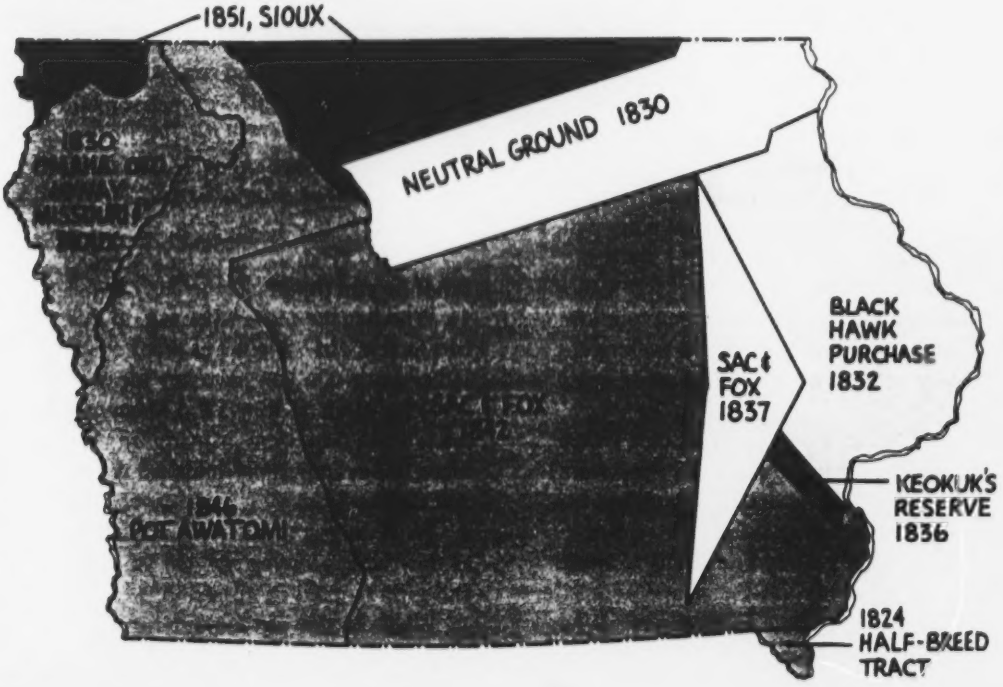
What do you think?

1. Who has the most influence on this Mesquakie girl? She never mentions her father in her story. Do you have any ideas why?
2. What kinds of things did Mesquakie girls learn when they were growing up? Why were these things important to learn? Was it all work and no play?
3. What do you think Mesquakie boys learned as they were growing up? Do you think boys and girls worked or played together?
4. What did this girl's mother mean when she said "the time soon comes when we lose sight of the one who takes care of us"?
5. How do you learn and play today? Who teaches you about life? Are boys and girls today taught different things? Do boys and girls today work at the same things and play together? Why or why not?

FORCED OUT

Indian tribes in Iowa were forced from their land and homes in the mid-19th century. Indians and European-Americans had different beliefs about land and its ownership. Indians believed that land could not be owned by one person, or that it even could be bought and sold. Most Indians believed that land was shared by all people. **Treaties** (written agreements) took away all of the land from the Indians between 1824 and 1851.

Wild Rosie's map shows when the Indian tribes of Iowa gave up their land for annual payments of money called **annuities**. Much of Iowa was purchased by European-Americans for as little as eight cents an acre.



Map by Mary Moye-Rowley

1. When did the first land cession take place? _____
2. Which Indian tribes ceded their land in 1830? _____
3. The Potawattamie Indians ceded their land when? _____
4. Which tribe was the last to cede land? _____
5. In what part of Iowa did they live? _____

*Spelling at the time by European Americans. Today the two tribes prefer to be called Sauk and Mesquakie (Fox).

POTAWATOMI

According to legend, the Potawatomi (POT-ah-wot-a-mee) were originally part of a larger tribe living in the Great Lakes region which included the Ottawas and Chippewas. Their name means "keepers of the fire" or "fire nation."

When the Potawatomi met French traders, they traded fur pelts for European wares. Soon Potawatomi villages became trade centers where other tribes (including Sauk and Mesquakie) could trade.

Potawatomi Indians lived in summer villages where they planted gardens and gathered food. Hunting provided meat to feed the people and furs for trading. The tribe scattered for the winter and lived in hunting camps.

The Potawatomis turned more of their land east of Mississippi over to the U.S. government in the early 1800s. They were given small reservations and encouraged to farm. But the Potawatomi preferred their traditional ways and never cultivated the land. In a later treaty, the government agreed to clear and fence Potawatomi land, provide livestock and tools, then hire government workers to farm for the Indians. Eventually these farms were sold to European-American settlers or back to the government.

Most Potawatomis still lived in wigwams, but some built log houses.

Several Potawatomis worked for the U.S. government as interpreters after attending mission schools.

After an 1833 treaty, the Potawatomi gave up all the territory they still occupied in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. They moved across the Mississippi River into northern Missouri. Later, the state of Missouri wanted this land for settlers and forced the Potawatomi into Iowa. They did not want to leave the fertile land in Missouri, nor did they want to settle so close to their former enemies—the Sioux.

The first Potawatomi arrived near the present site of Council Bluffs in 1837. The "keepers of the fire" lived in Iowa 10 years before the tide of European-American settlers forced them west. Reservations in Kansas and Oklahoma became home for the Potawatomi.

MESQUAKIE

The name "Mesquakie" which means "red earth people" comes from the color of the red soil of their homeland. At one point in their migration, the Mesquakie lived in the forests of what is now Wisconsin and Michigan. Seasons determined how they lived. During the summer months (May to September), the Mesquakie lived in villages located along major rivers in the center of tribal lands. Their homes consisted of poles covered with slabs of elm bark. Several families lived in each town house. Mesquakie women tended gardens near their summer homes. They also gathered food (wild berries, nuts, and roots) and collected bark and cattails for weaving baskets and mats.

Young Mesquakie boys learned to hunt small game with bows and arrows while the men hunted deer and elk and protected the villages from enemies.

Once the Mesquakie encountered European-Americans, they gathered pelts for trading. The Mesquakie bartered for cloth, glass beads, iron and copper cooking utensils, blankets, and guns. Winter also provided time for tribal elders to tell stories around campfires and for playing games.

As European-American settlers moved west, the Mesquakie were forced to move to reservation land in Kansas. A few households stayed behind, setting up camps along Iowa rivers. In 1850, Mesquakies living on the Kansas reservation combined their money and sold many of their ponies to purchase land in Iowa, now known as the Mesquakie Indian Settlement near Tama. A "settlement" differs from a reservation because the Indians—not the government—own and control the land.

SHSI, Ward Collection—Iowa City

Kwi-ya-me, a Mesquakie born in 1833

SAUK

The Sauk (Sac) or "yellow-earth people" once lived in what is now Michigan and Wisconsin. They became allies of the Mesquakie as the two tribes settled along the Mississippi River. They controlled hunting grounds in what is now western Illinois and eastern Iowa.

Several thousand people lived in Saukenuk, the largest Sauk village, located on the east side of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Rock River.

Like the Mesquakie, they moved to winter camps in the late fall. Food they grew, gathered, and hunted sustained them through the long cold months. Each spring the Sauk returned to Saukenuk and planted for the next harvest.

The Sauk and Mesquakie were the strongest tribes along the Mississippi River in 1800. In 1804 the U.S. government, which considered the "Sac and Fox" a single nation, made a treaty with the tribes calling for them to give up all land east of the Mississippi. The government offered gifts worth $2,000 and promised annual payments.

The Sauk, many of whom did not fully understand that they'd sold their land, returned to Saukenuk each spring to plant their gardens. Settlers continued moving closer, and in 1831 the government ordered the tribes to move west. The Sauk chief Keokuk advised his people to build new villages across the river in Iowa. Black Hawk, a famous Sauk, would not obey the treaty. He led his people back to Saukenuk the next spring. The army eventually captured and imprisoned Black Hawk. To punish the Sauk and Mesquakie for Black Hawk's failure to abide by the treaty, the government forced them to sign a treaty selling more of their land.

Conflict between tribes in Iowa territory occurred as the Sauk and Mesquakie competed for more hunting ground. Together they defeated the Illinois and drove Ioway from their main village. The U.S. government tried to stop the fighting by creating a "Neutral Ground" between the Sioux to the north and the Sauk and Mesquakie to the South. In the 1850s, some Sauk and Mesquakie were relocated to what is now Oklahoma.

SIOUX

The Sioux (SOO) were Plains Indians whose territory included land in northern Iowa and Minnesota. They did not raise corn and vegetables like other tribes in Iowa. They depended instead on buffalo and other game for their food supply. Each fall they harvested wild rice growing in lakes. The Sioux lived in earth lodges or animal skin teepees which could easily be taken down and moved to new village sites as the tribe pursued buffalo across the plains.

The Sioux called themselves *Dakota* or *Lakota*, meaning "allies." The Dakota were divided into several tribes. The Santee, Sisseton, Wahpeton, and Yankton lived in Minnesota and northwest Iowa. The Ogalalas, Tetons, and Blackfeet lived farther west.

Like other Indians, the Dakota believed they came from the soil. Their legends say that their tribes lived on the plains thousands of years before Europeans explored the territory.

The Sioux initially welcomed traders, eager to obtain the blankets, guns, and tools they offered. War Eagle, a Sioux chief, helped Europeans select a good spot for a trading post near what is today Sioux City.

A Sioux family travels in their wagon in South Dakota.

Sioux history records many wars. They often battled the Ioway, Sauk, and Mesquakie. Territorial disputes or revenge were frequent causes of wars.

European-American settlements closed in on Sioux territory during the years between 1850 and 1870. The Sioux resented pioneers, blaming them for taking their land and driving off game. Hopelessly in debt, the Sioux sold the rest of their land in Iowa to the government in 1851.

INDIANS of IOWA

by Millie K. Frese

Jean Liffring-Zug Collection, SHSI-Iowa City

Illustration by Mary Moye-Rowley

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

IOWAY

White Cloud

Many names of Iowa towns, counties, and rivers come from Indian words. The state itself gets its name from the Ioway tribe. Ioway means "sleepy ones."

Movement of Ioway Indians has been traced through territory spanning Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska.

Living in small communities in wood-frame houses, the Ioway grew corn, beans, and squash on fertile river **terraces** (a platform of earth with sloping sides). The terraces protected settlements from floods while offering the Ioway an unobstructed view of the surrounding prairie. Women tended the gardens and performed household chores. Ioway men were skilled hunters and trappers.

When trade relations were established with the French, the Ioway no longer depended only on what they could make with materials from their environment. Iron and brass kettles and cooking vessels replaced traditional pottery. Factory ceramics acquired through trade also found their way into tribal use. Glass beads and cloth became part of the Ioway wardrobe.

The Ioway, described as peaceful, friendly people, welcomed missionaries and were open to religious teaching. They soon became allies of French traders. This made-the Ioway enemies of other tribes who wanted to control trade and river transportation.

Ioway Indians moved their villages as buffalo and elk herds migrated and resources such as firewood diminished. They also moved when wars with other Indian tribes forced them into new territory.

Reduced in number and weakened by warfare and disease, the Ioway lived in southwestern Iowa and northern Missouri until the government forced them off their land. They were forced to live on reservation land in Kansas and Nebraska. Descendants of 19th-century Ioways live today in Oklahoma.

WINNEBAGO

When the French first encountered the Winnebago Indians in Wisconsin in 1632, the tribe was numerous and powerful. They called themselves *Hotcangara*, meaning "people speaking the original language." The Ioway Indians considered the Winnebago their ancestors.

The Winnebago unwillingly abandoned their Wisconsin villages to become residents of Iowa. Treaties between the United States government and Winnebago required the Winnebago to give up control of their territory in Wisconsin in exchange for reservation land in Iowa in what was known as the "Neutral Ground." The government promised yearly payments in cash and supplies if the Winnebago would move peacefully to the reservation. The government also promised to establish a military post in the area to protect the Winnebago from possible attacks by the Sioux, Sauk, and Mesquakie nations. By the time U.S. soldiers escorted the Winnebago to the Neutral Ground in 1840, more than one-quarter of the tribe had died in two smallpox epidemics.

For their homes, Winnebago built rectangular bark lodges. Some of their lodges could house three families of ten people each. Animal skins were valuable

and useful. They were made into clothing, moccasins, and household goods, or traded for foreign items.

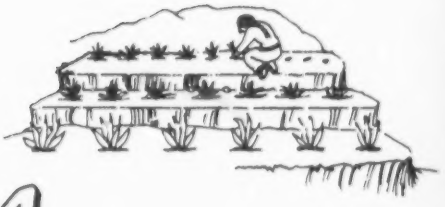
Like many other Indian tribes, the Winnebago ate dried and smoked fish and meat, nuts, fruit, and roots. They raised squash, pumpkins, beans, and watermelons.

In 1846, just six years after settling in the Neutral Ground, the Winnebago were forced to give up all claim to their land within the Neutral Ground. The Winnebago were removed in wagons to a camp in Minnesota. Then they were forced to relocate to South Dakota, and finally to Nebraska. Others later returned to Minnesota and to Wisconsin reservations.

Indian Logic Game

Can you write the tribe names under the picture that represents them? Information on the Indian Tribes of Iowa Poster will help you. The tribes to choose from are: Winnebago, Sauk, Mesquakie, Ioway, Potawatomi, and Sioux.

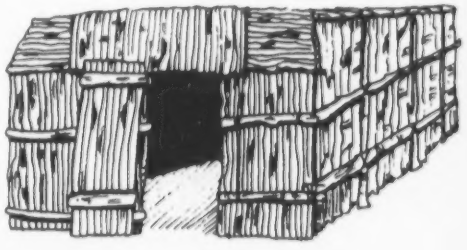
by Mary Flanagan



A _____

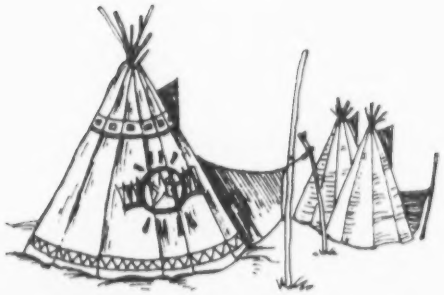
CLUES:

1. Tribes C and E were closely allied, but in fact were two separate tribes who often cooperated with one another.
2. Tribe D lived in neutral ground between other tribes while in Iowa. They were thought to be the ancestors of the Ioway Indians.
3. Tribe E's name means, "people of the yellow Earth."
4. Tribe B lived in teepees or earth lodges on the Great Plains and depended on the buffalo and other game for their food supply.
5. Tribe F's name means, "keepers of the fire." They never cultivated the land.

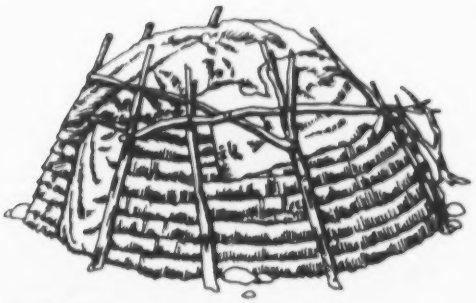


D _____

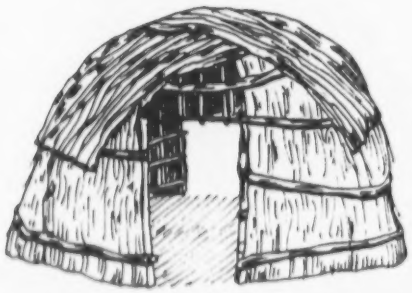
Answers on page 30.



B _____



C _____



E _____

F _____

Illustration by Mary Moye-Rowley

Little Brother Snares the Sun

Stories such as this one talk about how the world as we know it came to be.

AT THE BEGINNING when the earth was new, the animals were the chiefs. They were more powerful than humans, whom they hunted, killed, and ate. Finally they killed all the people except one girl and her little brother, who lived in hiding. The brother was very small, no bigger than a newborn child, but the girl was normal in size. Because she was so much bigger, she took care of him and did all the work.

One winter day the girl had to go out and gather food in the woods. To keep Little Brother occupied, she gave him her bow and arrows. "Hide until a snowbird comes," she told him. "Wait until he looks for grubs in that huge dead tree. Then kill him with one of your arrows."

She went off, and the snowbird came, but Little Brother's arrows missed him. "It doesn't matter," the sister said when she came home. "Try again tomorrow." The next day she went into the forest again. Once more the bird came, and this time the boy's arrow hit and killed him. Proudly he showed the bird to his sister when she returned at night.

"Sister, I want you to skin the snowbird and stretch the hide," he said. "I'll be killing more birds, and when we have enough skins, you can make a feather robe for me."

"But what shall we do with the meat?" asked the girl. At that time people ate only berries and other green things, because they didn't hunt; it was the animals who hunted them.

"Make soup of it," said Little Brother, who was clever in spite of his size. Every day for ten days he shot a snowbird, and his sister made him a fine feather robe from the skins.

"Sister, are there no other people in this world?" he asked one day. "Are we the only ones?"

"There may be others," she said, "but we don't dare go looking for them. Terrible animals would stalk and kill us."

But Little Brother was consumed with curiosity. So when his sister went off to gather food again, he set out to look for other humans. He walked a long time but met neither people nor animals. He got so tired that he lay down in a spot where the sun had melted the snow away. While he was sleeping, the sun rose and shot fiery rays upon Little Brother. Waking up, the boy found that his feather robe had scorched and tightened around him so that he couldn't

move. To free himself he had to tear it apart, ruining it. He shook his fists and shouted, "Sun, I'll get even! Don't think you're so high that I can't get at you! Do you hear me up there?"

Angry and sad, Little Brother returned home. He wept when he told his sister how the sun had spoiled his feather robe. He lay down on his right side for ten days and refused to eat or drink. Still fasting, he lay on his left side for

Illustration by Mary Moye-Rowley

another ten. After twenty days he got up and told his sister to make a snare for him to catch the sun. She had only a short length of dried deer sinew, and out of that she made a noose. "I can't catch the sun with this little thing," he said.

So the girl made a string for him out of her hair, but he said, "This isn't long or strong enough."

"Then I'll have to make a snare out of something secret," she said. She went out and gathered many secret things and twisted them into a strong cord. The moment he saw it, Little Brother said, "This is the one!" To wet the cord he drew it through his lips again and again, so that it grew longer and stronger.

Then Little Brother waited until the middle of the night, when it is darkest. He went out and found the hole through which the sun would rise, and at its entrance he set his snare. When the sun came up at the usual time, he was caught and held fast, and there was no day that day. There was no light, no warmth.

Even though the animals were the chiefs who had killed and eaten the people, they were afraid. They called a council of all their elders and talked for a long time. At last they decided that the biggest and most fearsome of all the animals should go and gnaw through the cord holding the sun. This animal was a Dormouse, who was not small, as it is now, but big as a mountain. Even so, Dormouse was afraid of the sun. "What you want me to do is dangerous," she said, "but I'll try."

Dormouse went to the place where the sun rises and found him in the snare. Struggling to free himself, the sun had grown hotter. As Dormouse approached, the hair on her back smoked and was singed off, but she crouched down and began to gnaw at the cord. She chewed and chewed and after a long time managed to bite it in two.

Freed at last, the sun rose at once and made everything bright again. But the heat had shriveled Dormouse down to her present size, and the sun's rays had half blinded her. So she was given the name of Kug-e-been-gwa-kwa, Blind-Woman.

Though brave Dormouse had freed the sun, everybody realized that Little Brother, who had snared the sun, was the wisest being in this world, and the one with the greatest power. Since that time the humans have been the chiefs over the animals, the hunters instead of the hunted.

Being Indian in an Urban World

***The Goldfinch* visits Sioux City to talk with Indian kids**

Story and photos by Millie K. Frese

WHEN RUSSELL HOFFMAN enters the fourth grade classroom at Sioux City's Everett Elementary, he is so excited he can't sit still. "Before anything else, I have to show you something," he says. He holds out a letter and photo from President George Bush. "He sent me these after I wrote to him," Russell explains. "I told the president how important it is to get a good education and make schools safe for all kids."

The fourth grader's enthusiasm continues as he talks about his heritage. "I'm a Santee Sioux," he says. "My culture is sacred to me." Indian children represent three and one-half percent of students attending Sioux City public schools (for every 200 students, seven are Indian). "Indian culture has really good things in it," says Russell. "So do other cultures."

"Dances With Wolves" is one of Russell's favorite

Russell Hoffman, Santee Sioux

movies. "I liked hearing the Indian words," he says. "I understand some of the Sioux words because my father teaches them to me." He also likes seeing how the Indians lived in "a little bitty village." Russell lives in an apartment in Sioux City, but thinks he might like to try living on a reservation sometime. "It's part of our culture to live way out in the country," he explains. "And there'd be more Indian kids there."

Russell believes "kids should be proud to be Indian." His pride is obvious as he talks about ceremonies such as the Sun Dance and Sweat Lodge. "At ceremony we eat what Sioux Indians used to eat—like mushed up berries, special cakes, soup and deer meat." He thinks it would be fun to serve those foods in the school lunchroom sometime.

Evette Morris, Winnebago & Omaha

First Indian Girl President

Evette Morris, a fifth grader at Everett Elementary School likes to write poems, books, and stories. "I want to be the first girl and the first Indian to be president," says Evette. She comes from the Winnebago and Omaha tribes. "When I'm president I'll have kids come and stay at the White House with me for a month in the summers," she says. Evette also plans to visit "lots of schools" as president and "send them money."

Evette is a "fancy dancer" and has danced in competitions. She wears a cape decorated with eagle feathers and sequins that her mother made for her. Beaded shawls, Indian dresses, belts, and moccasins are also parts of her costume. To fancy dance, Evette explains, "you get on the same beat with the drums and don't stop."

Until Evette is old enough to run for president, her plans are to finish school, go to college, and teach second grade.

Living in a Non-Indian World

"We want to promote a sense of understanding of Indian heritage," says Lynn Huenemann, director of the Office of Indian Education for Sioux City Community Schools. He believes putting elements of Indian history and tradition into classwork.

Indian students are involved in their traditional culture at various levels. Some families participate in traditional activities. For others, being the second, third or fourth generation to live in the city, ties to tradition are less important.

"We don't want Indian kids to be limited to their old heritage," says Huenemann. Like everyone else, Indian people are interested in and want to be a part of the world today.

Not Like TV Indians

Brandon LaMere, a seventh grader at West Middle School in Sioux City, is Winnebago and Sioux. "I'm proud of what I am. Being Indian makes me feel good."

Brandon wants other people to know about his culture. "We're not like Indians shown in movies," he says. "It makes me mad to see actors imitating native people—and not doing it very well." Indians don't wear costumes made of colored feathers and fake furs. "Indians on television use a lot of toys for their costumes," says Brandon. "It's not realistic."

Indian kids today wear clothes like other kids—blue jeans, T-shirts, sweatshirts. When they dress in traditional clothing, Brandon says, it's "the real thing." His traditional dance costume includes a bustle "with real feathers all around," a coyote skin that he wears over his head and ties under his chin, a turtle shell representing a shield, a deer hoof which stands for a weapon, and leather moccasins.

"Someday I'd like to try sleeping in a teepee," Brandon says. "I want to find out how warm they are in the winter." Brandon also wants to go to college and become an experimental scientist and artist.

If other kids tease Brandon because he's an Indian, he ignores them. "I try to respect other people who don't know about Indians so they will respect me," says Brandon.

Brandon LaMere, Winnebago & Sioux

Joan Big Bear, Omaha, Winnebago & Sioux

Passing on Traditions

Joan Big Bear, a seventh grader, carries on her Omaha, Winnebago, and Sioux heritage by learning to cook Indian foods. **Fry bread** (dough cooked in a skillet with grease) and Indian tacos are her favorite.

"Indian tacos are giant fry breads stuffed with hamburger tomatoes, and cheese," she explains. Joan used to live on a reservation in Nebraska and attended an all-Indian school. Sioux City is "bigger, with more ethnic groups, and not so many dogs as on the reservation," Joan compares. She likes both ways of life. "It's important for people to learn about other cultures and not make fun of other people," Joan says. "I'm proud to be an Indian. Other people should be proud to be who they are."

Cynthia Clancy's mother is a Santee Sioux. Her father is Irish. "I fit in either way," she says. "But I think of myself as Indian." Born in Sioux City, Cynthia and her family lived on a Santee reservation in Nebraska when Cynthia was in first grade. "It was small and all the kids went to the same school," she remembers. "I think I like the city better." Cynthia is in seventh grade at Woodrow Wilson Middle School.

Cynthia takes pride in her heritage because "Indians were the first people in this country and they are different from other people." She believes it will be important to pass on traditions when she has her own children. "I'll want my kids to know they are Indian."

Disk Detective

by Jean E. Wulf

One of the ways in which Indians live differently today is the type of houses they live in. Iowa's Indian tribes used to live in different kinds of houses. At the Mesquakie Indian settlement there are no teepees, but once there were wickiups. Wickiups were houses made of willow poles, elm bark, and reed mats. The Mesquakie lived in wickiups in the 19th and early 20th century.

To find out what a wickiup used to look like, load BASIC on an Apple IIe or IIc (with an 80-character screen) or an IBM Personal Computer. Type in all characters below as shown.

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20 PRINT
30 PRINT
40 PRINT
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60 PRINT TAB (22) "0000000000000000000
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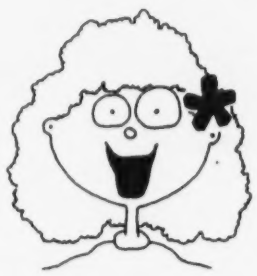

Indian Wars Myth

Did Indians wear feather headdresses, live in teepees, ride horses, and make war with cowboys? No! It's all part of the Indian wars myth.

by Jean C. Florman

YEARS AGO children were taught that "white" pioneers had to fight "the Indian Wars" to settle Iowa. It's true that the army and Indian tribes of Iowa and Illinois did fight several times. But most pioneers settled land that had already been taken from the Indians by the U.S. government. In fact, the settlement of Indian lands by European-American settlers caused many Indians to die in skirmishes with the army or from starvation and disease.

The earliest contacts between Iowa tribes and European-American settlers were peaceful. In 1676, a group of people from the Ioway tribe traveled to a French trading post in Green Bay, Wisconsin. There, the Ioway traded animal skins for iron kettles, glass beads, knives, and cloth.

In 1800, the U.S. government did not allow European-American settlers onto Indian land. It soon

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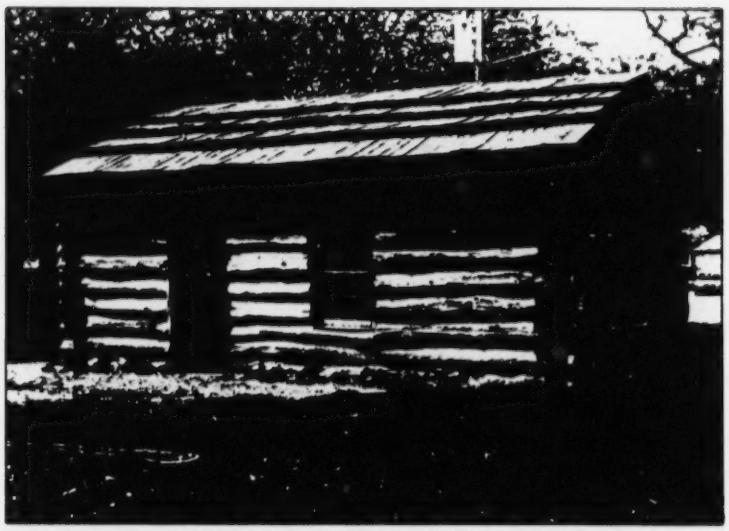
became clear, however, that settlers were going to push west to farm the rich land and build towns along the rivers. Settlers wanted more land. They continued to move onto land that had always been used by Indians.

The federal government made treaties with the tribes, and took their lands in return for small amounts of money. Sometimes they simply took the land by force without payment or promise of money. The U.S. government also promised to protect one tribe from another and to prevent pioneers from settling the new lands given to the Indians. Different tribes continued to fight each other, and sometimes bands of Indians attacked a military outpost like Fort Madison. But they rarely attacked settlers in Iowa.

Many pioneers settled illegally on Indian lands. For instance, the Langworthy brothers took control of the mines in Dubuque from one tribe. Government troops forced the brothers to leave, and then returned the mines to the Indians.

So-called "Spirit Lake Massacre"

An incident known as "the Spirit Lake Massacre" helped create the myth that pioneers had to fight Indians to settle Iowa. The area around Lake Okoboji had been Sioux land until 1851, when the tribe was forced to leave by the government. The Sioux were the last Indians to be forced off land in Iowa. Five years later, several families moved to the banks of Okoboji and Spirit Lake, far away from other pioneer settlements.



Steven Olson

The Gardner Cabin is a historic site near Lake Okoboji.

The winter of 1856-1857 was unusually long, bitter, and snowy. It was a difficult time for the Spirit Lake settlers. The weather and lack of food was also very hard on the Indians.

Treaties that took away the land of their ancestors caused much bitterness among the Sioux. The events of Spirit Lake were partly a result of the Sioux being forced to live on land that did not provide enough food. It was even more difficult, therefore, for the Sioux to survive that terrible winter.

A band of hungry Wahpeton Sioux led by Inkpaduta were outlaws from their own people. The group traveled to the Spirit Lake settlement, demanded food, and began killing settlers. Thirty-two settlers were killed and four were captured. One of those taken hostage was 14-year-old Abigail Gardner. After several months, she was ransomed by another group of Indians, and turned over to settlers. Many years later, Abby Gardner wrote a book about what happened at Spirit Lake. Her book strongly distorted how Iowans viewed pioneer settlement and the history of relationships between European-Americans and Indians.

Returning Burial Goods

A new federal law requires some museums to give human remains and religious items back to Indians

The word "repatriation" (ree-pay-tree-AY-shun) means returning something to the country or culture of origin. In November of 1990, President George Bush signed a national repatriation law which requires some museums to give human remains, **burial goods** (tools or pottery), and religious items back to the Native American people to whom they belong.

The Peabody Museum at Harvard University in Massachusetts and the New York State Museum were the first museums to begin returning Indian artifacts to the proper tribes. Here at home, the State Historical Society of Iowa works with a committee made up of representatives from different tribes including Mesquakie, Sioux, Winnebago, Cherokee, Osage, and Ponca. The committee decides together what should be done with the Indian artifacts in Historical Society collections.

Some of the objects in museums were dug up from Indian graves. Some may have been stolen or sold without proper permission. Now, the tribes are able to decide what to do with the artifacts and bones. They can place the items in their own museums, return them to use in religious ceremonies, rebury what came from graves, or work with museums to be the "keepers" of special objects. Each tribe will work with museums to decide how their things will be treated.

Because of the law, no Native American burial goods may be removed from private or public lands without permission from the tribe in some states. The repatriation issue is yet another conflict that the Native American people have only recently overcome.

—Mary Flanagan with Jerome Thompson

Answers

Page 7:

Page 16: (1) 1824; (2) Omaha, Oto, Ioway, Missouri, Sioux; (3) 1846; (4) Sioux; (5) Northwest.

Page 18: (A) Ioway; (B) Sioux; (C) Mesquakie; (D) Winnebago; (E) Sauk; (F) Potawatomi.

Page 27: Wickiup.

THE ROOST
HEY, ROSIE, WHY DON'T WE DO SOMETHING REALLY EXCITING?
LIKE WHAT?
LET'S PLAY COWBOYS AND INDIANS!
COWBOYS AND WHAT?!
I JUST READ THAT MOST IOWA INDIAN TRIBES DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER SETTLERS. IN FACT, THE SETTLERS FORCED TRIBES OUT OF IOWA AGAINST THEIR WILL. HOW CAN WE MAKE A GAME OUT OF THAT?!
JOHN WAYNE!
WELL... THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT HAPPENS IN THOSE JOHN WAYNE MOVIES!
OK, I'M AN EARLY SETTLER AND YOU'RE AN INDIAN BRAVE.
SOUNDS GOOD!
HERE'S A MARBLE AND A STICK OF BUBBLE GUM.
GEE, THANKS
NOW, I JUST BOUGHT ALL YOUR LAND AND YOU HAVE TO MOVE FAR AWAY AND LIVE ON A RESERVATION!
A RESERVATION! WHAT KIND OF FUN IS THAT!
TWITCH
FLAP
WHO SAID IT WAS FUN? THAT JOHN WAYNE SHOOT-'EM-UP COWBOY STUFF ONLY HAPPENS IN THE MOVIES.
JERRY BROWN

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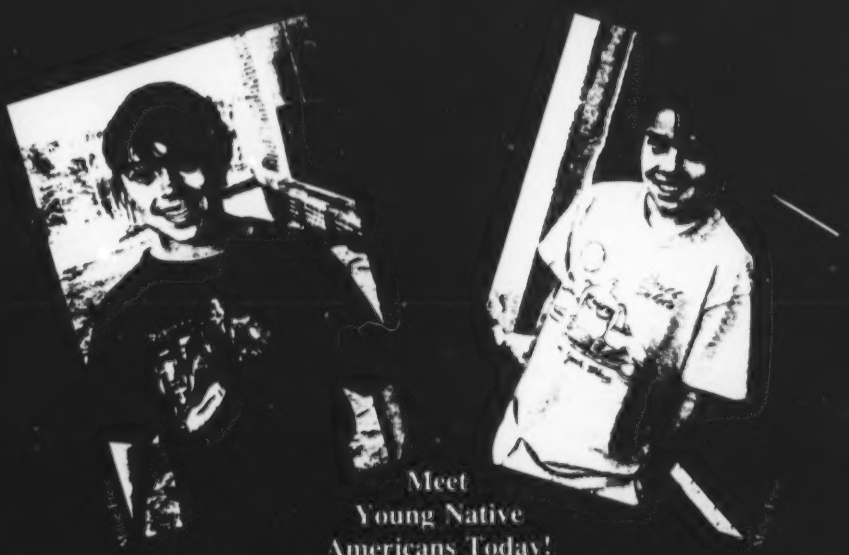

Meet
Young Native
Americans Today!

The Goldfinch

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